

CRAB ORCHARD.

—While your old correspondent is busy writing letters of a different nature, I will endeavor to help you out by sending a few items of interest to people in this vicinity.

—Col. D. G. Slaughter is ready to open his store and we rather expect he will make it warm for the merchants here, as he is a hustler.

—Everybody in town is interested in some way in the Saunders and Egbert case and all are anxious to know what will be the fate of Saunders.

—Bad colds and sore throats are very prevalent here, and water is harder to get than whisky. Grass is so poor that most farmers have had to commence feeding.

—Mr. J. E. Carson & Bro., have been shipping some of their fine Jersey calves to parties in Indiana and Kentucky and we learn from Mr. Carson that he has several more orders to fill. They have some fine ones. Mr. Wm. Welsh, of the Pine Hill Coal Co., bought several mules from Mr. C. A. Redd last week to work in his mines.

—Several parties of young people from various parts of the county were out hunting chestnuts and hickorynuts last Saturday and all ended their hunt by coming by to get a drink of the famous sulphur water. Some of the lovely young ladies and their buddies were gorgeously trimmed up in autumn leaves, making quite an ornamental procession, and all were merry as could be, notwithstanding their emblems were of the dying year.

—Mr. J. L. Nelson, operator, is quite ill and Mrs. Newland is running the office alone. Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Dillon will take charge of the J. H. Hutchings property while Mr. and Mrs. Hutchings winter in Florida. Dr. W. M. Doores was called to Broadhead to attend the bedside of Mrs. Dr. Burdett, who has since died. Mrs. Prof. Smith has returned to her home in Ohio, leaving the professor quite lonely for the winter.

Letter From Casey County.

—This was county court and court of claims day, which brought a great crowd to Liberty from all portions of the county. Lewis Withers, of your place, was here as the last rose of summer, blooming alone in the buggy and cart business for George D. Weathers. He is a genial gentleman and has hosts of friends in Casey. We also had the Messrs. Dodds, of Danville, selling sewing machines, organs, pianos, &c. I do not know the success of either party, as I was very busy all day. I sold a small piece of knob land in the case of Bamberger, Bloom & Co. vs. A. E. Green, of 25 acres near Duncan to J. C. Carter for \$35.25. Sold a pair of 7-year-old mare mules, 15½ hands high, for R. G. Combest to W. G. Holland for \$200; a 5-year-old horse for M. Woodruff for \$105; a 4-year-old horse for Welby Murphy for \$90; a 6-year-old mare for Mr. Cox \$90; a 17½-hand horse for Tom Drake for \$98 and for same party a 6-year-old mare mule, 16 hands high, for \$100. No cattle on the market, weather and grass too dry for them. The intention of our people is to have monthly sales of stock, as is done in other counties, in the future. All with whom your humble servant has talked are in favor of the movement and we shall try to make it interesting to purchasers from a distance to attend our county court when wishing to purchase stock. At the sale of the personal effects of V. C. Roberts, Sr., dec'd., corn brought \$2.05 to \$2.20 per barrel. There is plenty of corn on Green river, but there will be quite a lot frostbitten. Fat hogs sold at about 4 cents said sale.—

We are especially dry at present in Casey for water, also for white lightning whisky, as there is not a place in the county where the latter can be sold and there is not a place in the county but what the former could be sold if handy. We have been hauling water for three months for drinking and washing purposes.

F. P. COMBEST.

Timothy.

Timothy grows in the tangle tall
Between the road and the gray stone wall;
From its long green stalks stretching high
Its long green fingers point to the sky;
And some turn purple, and some look tanned
To a rusty brown, like a sunbaked hand,
Bending and beckoning to and fro,
As the breeze runs by through the clover low,
And the redtop ripples, feathery fine,
And the daisies shake and the buttercups shine,
Stirring whenever the light wind blows,
Under the warm sky timothy grows.

Timothy goes where the blown grass bows,
Sturdily trudging behind the cows;
His hard little feet are red and bare,
And his brown face laughs 'neath his tow-white hair.

As blue are his round eyes, boyish quick
As the ripe blue berries he stops to pick;
And his few front teeth are sharp and small,
Like the chipmunk's he chases along the wall.
And whistling and following over the hill,
While the cow bells clink in the evening still,
Where in the tangle his namesake grows
Under the bright sky Timothy goes.

—Heien G. Cook, in St. Nicholas.

Look Upon This—And This.

Broke, broke, broke,
By the sad gray sands of the sea
Is the man who failed to advertise,
As he surely ought to be.

Flush, flush, flush,
At the Normandie by the Sea
We find the judicious advertiser
Up to his neck in glee.

Ah! well for the merchant man,
Wherever he may be,
If he plus his faith to printers' ink—
Of wealth and fame the key.

—Wilket F. Cook, in Printers' Ink.

ATLANTA.

More About Georgia's Growing Capital.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 27.—For nearly a week I have been "taking in" Atlanta, and I see something new each day. Truly it is a great city and one a visitor likes better the more he sees of it. Northern people have always been credited with the thrift and energy of the country and it has been done, no doubt, because of the want of knowledge of the great and prosperous South. The Yankee may have a more fertile brain than the sturdy Southerner, but he possesses no more diligence, nor does he show that liberality of spirit in doing those things which redound to the interest of his fellow beings, as do those good people of this and other sections who fought under the grand old Confederate flag in days gone by. While acquiring wealth themselves there are thousands of Atlantaites who have gone out of their way to help the growing city and to their credit be it said, they look with pride today on as good as business-like a place, size of course considered, as there is in the Universe.

It is remarkable how the Gate City people love their city, as well as to what an extent they will go to have her name kept before the people. For instance, a few capitalists presented to a steamer plying on the coast of the Atlantic \$1,000 to have her name changed to Atlanta. They are always liberal in their donations for the furtherance of the place and from the prosperous appearance of the city, it looks as if they have been repaid.

Probably there is not another town laid off like Atlanta in the U. S. Really a map of the place looks as if a chicken had stepped in the ink bottle and walked across the paper. There are 405 streets and more triangular-shaped buildings than can be found anywhere. In scores of instances a small three-cornered house occupies an entire block. It is indeed a hard place to learn and a guide is essential to "smooth sailing" to the new comer.

The Piedmont Exposition is a big thing for Atlanta, or for any other place, as far as that is concerned. It is something after the order of a fair, but on a much more enormous scale. Every attraction imaginable is there and the most fastidious can be pleased. The farmer is indeed "in it," too, for there is no end to the sheep, hogs, cattle and horses on exhibition. There, if he is of a sportive nature, he can watch the thoroughbreds and trotters get down to work and if he has a desire to "make expenses" there is a betting stand not far off where he may try his hand. A band of 50 pieces, composed entirely of Mexicans, furnishes the music for the Exposition and is a drawing card within itself. By the way, they make splendid music and judges say that the renowned Gilmore cannot eclipse them. The attendance on the Ex. has been very large, and on the day of the unveiling of the Grady statue it ran up to nearly 25,000.

A curiosity in the shape of a very old man is on exhibition on the grounds and few visit the Exposition without seeing him. His name is Hiram Lester and his age is 125 years. He is a pretty lively old chap and will soon marry an old lady who has been attending to his wants. The fair damsel is 70 years old and as plump as you can find 'em.

Macon sent a boy up to the Exposition who was quite a curiosity himself. He is just 9 years old and is the possessor of a head that measures 33 inches in circumference. No hat could be found to fit him, as it would take a No. 12 or 13, and it was partly the youth's errand to this city to have one made. The boy is unusually bright, but can walk to do no good. His body is entirely overweighted by his head.

Another drawing card at the Exposition is the spectacular production of King Solomon by Bollosay Kiraly and some 350 to 400 male and female ballet dancers. In one ballet 200 beautiful girls come to the front and entertain the audience with as grand a ballet as was probably ever seen on this continent. Then they do the skirt dance and flirt about the immense stage as if moved by magic. It isn't exactly a show for bald heads exclusively, but quite a fine place to study anatomy.

Probably no town in the South is as well supplied with street railway facilities as Atlanta. Her mileage is very great and the appointments are unexcelled. As good as it already is, I am told that there are great improvements to be made. Boston capitalists, together with a few here, have recently bought all of the lines save one, and besides the \$1,100,000 paid for them, they will spend a million and a half improving and putting in new track.

I visited the McPherson Barracks a few days ago and spent an hour or so very pleasantly. The barracks have recently been built near this place and the work, which is highly complimented, was superintended by Mr. Jacobs, a brother of the talented Col. R. P. Jacobs, of Danville. Fully \$1,500,000 was expended in the buildings, grading, land, &c., and a prettier or more interesting place would

be hard to find. Col. Closson, a man of some military importance, is commanding and has under charge 425 officers and privates. The grounds are as smooth as a marble yard and everything is kept as clean as a new pin. A sentinel, with gun and bayonet, guards every gate and the place presents quite a military appearance.

It is very pleasing to me to see how the people go to church here. The town during church time is as dead as can be, as those who can, worship to a unit. Gov. Northern is a big Baptist and most of his staff are churchgoers. Mayor Hemphill is a devout Methodist and each Sunday finds him in his pew. Two of the Evening Journal's biggest officers are deacons in the Baptist church, while it is said that the editors and a majority of the reporters of the Constitution are prominent church members. I attended church Sunday and notwithstanding there was no unusual attraction, the building was crowded and chairs filled the aisles with people eager to hear the gospel expounded. A Godly town, is Atlanta.

The name of no man is half so dear to the people of Atlanta as that of the late orator, patriot and journalist, Henry W. Grady. He was worshipped while he lived, and now his memory is revered as that of no other. Besides the stately bronze statue recently unveiled, which was a handsome token of appreciation of the great man, a hospital has also been named in honor of him and there is talk now of changing the name of the street on which the statue stands to Grady street, to further honor the illustrious dead.

Georgia is going to do the right thing by falling into line and declaring straight out for Cleveland. The Constitution is for Hill, but the Journal, the Herald, all the other papers and the people are for Cleveland first, last and all the time, and by their unity will show their strength at the proper time. Aside from the presidential talk, there is little going on in politics in this State, however, and for the rest there is a universal cry of "thank the Lord!"

E. C. W.

A Modern Samson.

John Whitman, the man who lifts 600 pounds, pushed a freight car weighing 30,000 pounds along a switch on North street, near Madison, in the presence of about 200 people. He got between the car he was to push and another, the brakes of which were down. Seating himself upon the second car, he placed his feet against the forward car, and, after taking a deep breath, gave it one mighty push with them. The car quivered and then went forward several feet. He did this several times, but owing to the car being on a grade he could not move it very far. A car weighing 23,000 pounds he moved with ease. Mr. Dunn, the yardmaster, said the cars moved would take the efforts of at least eight ordinary men.

In the afternoon Whitman gave an exhibition of his strength at the gymnasium at the central police station. He handled a hundred pound dumbbell as if it weighed five pounds. Captain Farnan and one of his officers then got on Whitman's back, who stooped over, and with his teeth picked up two dumbbells tied together, weighing 100 pounds, and at the same time lifted a hundred pound bell in each hand. The bells and men on his back all weighed 600 pounds.

Whitman also lifted 200 pounds by his teeth. Laying out flat on the floor, he strapped a fifty pound bell to his foot, and then raised it up slowly, stopping at intervals. One of the most remarkable feats he did was to tie a twenty pound belt on the end of a strap, the other end of which he held in his teeth. He then swung the belt around, and when he got it high in air he jerked it back with his teeth. Whitman, the wonder, was at one time on the New York police force.—Baltimore American.

A New King of the Gypsies.

A king of the gypsies of the Americas has been born. It was out in the woods of Newton, in a tent, Saturday afternoon, that he was ushered into the world, and thus Massachusetts claim the distinction of being the birthplace of him who will be christened King John of the gypsies, and proclaimed throughout all gypsyland as successor of King Henry, late ruler over the Romany tribes of the United States, Canada and the South American states.

The royal youngster—he weighed eleven pounds—is the son of Tryphena, thirty-fourth queen of the Zet tribe of Roman unchials, and of Gypsy Sam, whose surname is Buckland. They were made one in merrie England fourteen years ago. The mother is a granddaughter of Charlotte, who was the twenty-seventh queen of the Zet tribe of the Basque and Asturias provinces in Spain.

The youthful king is the fifth child of the couple, and his titles comes to him through his being the first son born of Queen Tryphena, after the death of King Henry, which occurred in Birmingham, England, in November, 1890. Of the other children, Lena, twelve years of age, has for a godfather Sir John Sheridan McCloud, of England; Phoebe, born in Providence eight years ago, claims ex-Governor Sprague as her godfather; the late Dr. Knight, bishop of Milwaukee, was godfather of Samuel, a little tot of three years, and Katie, six years old, has for a godmother Mrs. Ernest Girard of Middletown, Conn.—Boston Advertiser.



EDWIN CLAIBORNE WALTON.

What Some of the Newspapers Are Saying About Him.

The Stanford Interior Journal loses E. C. Walton, the business manager. He goes to Atlanta to enter the grocery business. He will be missed in Stanford.—Louisville Commercial.

Ed Walton is well-known in Somerset and has many friends here, all of whom wish him lots of success in his new field of labor.—Somerset Republican.

Ed Walton is one of the brightest newspaper men in the State and his permanent removal to Georgia will be a severe loss to Kentucky journalism. His host of friends wish him success in every enterprise.—Mt. Vernon Signal.

Ed C. Walton has resigned the place as the business manager of his brother's paper, the Stanford Interior Journal, and left for Atlanta to go into business with another brother. There is no finer young fellow nor better business man in the State than Ed Walton, and his departure will be sincerely regretted by a host of friends.—Owensboro Messenger.

Several other papers, including the Frankfort Capital and Lexington Transcript, have also referred to Mr. Walton in complimentary terms.

LONDON, LAUREL COUNTY.

—The exact amount allowed by the last court of claims was \$7,035.75.

—Mr. Van Ryan has made arrangements to leave London for Illinois on the 10th of November. He is a good citizen that we hate to lose.

—A fire at the London Manufacturing Co.'s mill Friday resulted in destroying about 600 feet of lumber. It caught from a fire underneath while being dried.

—I made a mistake in my last report in regard to the Baptist church books. The Hardsells won the case instead of the Missionaries. It was reported to me otherwise.

—The many friends of John Watkins, who was recently burned out in the Lovelace building, will be glad to learn that he has secured a position as traveling salesman for the milling firm of Gallop & Burnam, Paint Lick.

—Thursday after dark the town was alarmed by the cry of fire and it was soon learned that the dwelling of Mrs. Lucy J. Williams had caught, but a prompt use of water by the raw recruits soon extinguished it. The fire was caused by a defective flue.

—Joe Minyard, of Leslie county, presented two checks to the London Bank Tuesday, amounting to something over \$1,000. The bank officials decided they were forgeries and refused to cash them, and had Minyard arrested. While Sheriff Moran had him in charge he struck Moran in the head with a rock and almost made a home run for liberty. This occurred at the L. & N. depot. Moran fired at him once and Town Marshal Dick Harbin twice and he was headed off by G. W. Colbert and caught near the section-house. Moran received a very severe cut just back of the right ear. Minyard says the checks were given him by one John Collins and were signed by Al Lewis, and that Collins told him to present the checks and collect the money and if the bank refused to pay them for him to bring them back. He also says that he did not know that it was the sheriff of Laurel that he hit. I only give the report of Minyard's side of the case, because he was the only one I could see up to the present writing.

However, he is likely to get a few months in jail and several in the "pen." On an examining trial Minyard waived an examination and was held in \$4,000 bond to await the action of the grand jury in the forgery cases and \$1,000 for assaulting the sheriff.

—There is a church in this city that was built by profits accrued from a horse breeding establishment, the organ is presided over by the first or second biggest base ball official in the world, and the pastor preached against both Sunday.—Louisville Times.

—After the races at Nashville Saturday a watch belonging to Capt. Couse Myers, of Baltimore, was sold at auction for \$4,200. It is said to be the finest watch in the country.

Stanford Female College.

J. M. HUBBARD, A. M., President.

Fall Session Tuesday, September 1st, 1891.

Full corps of Conservatory and Normal School teachers. Superior courses in Literature, Music and Art. Excellent boarding department. Catalogues and circulars furnished on application.

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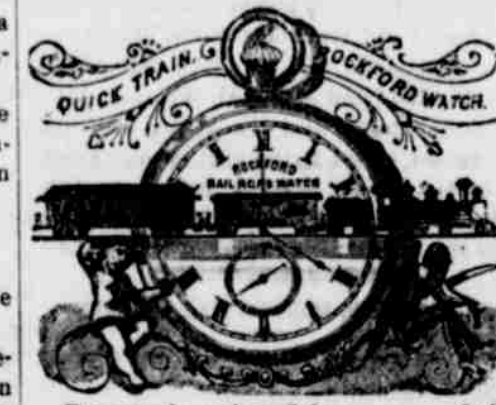
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Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion. Without injurious medication.

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Stomach, Sick and Nervous Headache, Backache, Dizziness, Neuralgia, Hot Flashes, Nervous Depression, Dullness, Constipation, Irritability, Fits, St. Vitus Dance, Optic Nerve, Drunkenness, etc. Sufferers from any of these troubles will find relief in Dr. Miles' Nervous Prostration Remedy. It is a powerful tonic and restorative, and will build up the system, and give the nerves a new lease of life. It is sold by all druggists, and by the Dr. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Indiana. **TRIAL BOTTLE FREE.**

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WALTON BROS., Proprietors.

STANFORD, - - - KY.

Large stage, plenty of scenery, seats 500. Engagements with good attractions solicited.

THE SHELTON HOUSE,

D. A. TWADDLE, Proprietor.

Rowland, - - Kentucky.

NOTICE.

Lincoln Circuit Court. Ben Richardson's Adm., &c., Plff., vs Ben Richardson's Hrs., &c., Defts. In Equity. All creditors having unpaid claims against the estate of Ben Richardson, dec'd., are hereby notified and warned to appear before the undersigned Master Commissioner of the Lincoln Circuit Court and prove such claims on or before the 31st day of October, 1891. By order of the Lincoln Circuit Court in the above styled action. G. M. DAVISON, Master Com'r L. C. C. Oct. 29, 1891.